

THE CLIMAX

VOLUME IV.

RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1891.

NUMBER 40.

ATTORNEYS.
J. A. SULLIVAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office, 100 Main Street, up stairs. 16.

CROOKE & COBB,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office on First Street. 25.

C. F. & E. T. BURNAM,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office, No. 11½ Burnam's Building, First
Street. 25.

C. S. POWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office on Second Street. 25.

DENTAL SURGERY.
DR. A. WILKES SMITH,
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RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office-South Building, Main Street. Office
hours, 12:30 to 12:45 P. M. 25.

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RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office-Main Street, over Madison National
Bank. 25.

WELBY W. BURGIN,
DENTIST,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office—Over W. A. Powell's Clothing
House, corner Main and First Streets—45.

J. W. CREEK, D. S.,
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Office at Finney residence. Everything
done pertaining to the profession. 45.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. C. S. HOLTON,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Offices over D. M. Bright's. Hours—8:30 to
10:30 A. M. and 1:30 to 3 P. M. 25.
Given to diseases of women and difficult
child-birth. Patients treated at a distance.
Homeopathic medicines sent to
any address. 45.

DR. JOHN M. FOSTER,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

Offices—215 Main Street, between Second
and Third Streets, up stairs; residence at cor.
Main and Bates' brick Avenue. 25.

DR. CLARENCE VAUGHT,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
ASK FOR TICKETS VIA KY. MIDLAND.

Trains run by Central Standard Time
Time Table, December 15, 1890.

TRAINS EAST.

TRAINS WEST.

Trains daily except Sunday.

DR. J. M. BLACK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RED HOUSE, KENTUCKY. 25.

WILL JENNINGS, M. D.,
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RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office—up stairs, next to Second National
Bank. 25.

DR. H. R. GIBSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office—205 Second Street, up stairs. 25.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

G. W. EVANS, M. D.,
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RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.
Office—Second Street, next to White's Drug
Store. 25.

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RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

DR. R. S. M. LETCHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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DR. T. J. TAYLOR,
Practitioner in Medicine and Surgery,
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DR. W. H. BRIGHT

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FRENCH TIPTON, - - EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

The Climax Printing Co.

W.M. G. WHITE, CHAS. S. POWELL.

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Wednesday, - - - March 15, 1891.

WOODFORD FOR CLAY.

The Versailles Sun remarks: "The sentiment of Woodford in the Gubernatorial race seems to be divided between Clay and Brown—with Clay in the lead. The farmers generally are for Clay."

BLOOD WILL TELL.

The Louisville Times says it is a noticeable coincidence that Mr. Cullum, Illinois' hold-over Senator; Palmer, Senator-elect, and Ogleby, the defeated Republican nominee, are all native Kentuckians. This State furnished the first Territorial and eight or ten succeeding Governors of the prairie State, and has provided occupants of her Senatorial seats for probably a greater aggregate period than that allotted to those native and to the manner.

THE STATE PRESS AND TARIFF REFORM.

The editor of the Lancaster Journal is a careful observer of political drift, and in our estimation correctly states the principal issue now between the two great political parties: Some impatience has been manifested by Democrats of the State that the Courier Journal will not give through its great and trusted editor, Mr. Watterson, some expression concerning the free coinage of silver as a possible and disturbing question for the Democracy to meet. With singular minuteness the Democratic press jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Watterson practically reached only last Monday, in an exceedingly well-written and conservative article in the Courier-Journal. It can not be said, therefore, that the "rural roosters" were waiting for a crow from a big cock of the walk before they took up the refrain. Their united voice has been for making the fight on tariff reform, and leaving the silver question for future settlement, after we have had an "educational campaign" to develop just what the country needs. Mr. Watterson follows on the same line, and admirably expresses the idea advanced by nine-tenths of the Democratic press of the State. We are glad he is with us. This is his conclusion, expressed in his own inimitable style:

"The people of the West and South are sorely distressed and perplexed. Twenty years of close distinction in the Government have done their perfect work. Progressive and unjust taxation is the original, the first sin of all our ills. We have extorted ten years fighting together on the parameter of the second. No Democrat, Mr. Bland least of all, ever thought of retiring the tariff reform issue or of giving it second place.

"With the adjournment of the Reed Congress the Democrats in Congress fought for free coinage, because they did not have the tariff reform issue before them.

"Whenever the party's hands are free, whenever there is no greater issue, no power of leadership or anything else will prevent the party from striking honest blows for an uncontrolled currency of gold and silver, freely coined."

This is true since Mr. Cleveland's free coinage letter, as it was true before. Democrats should have been as quick to recognize it without Mr. Cleveland's letter as with it. In the first session of the Reed Congress they fought their best for the reform of the tariff, and the party work in exposing the McKinley bill resulted in the overwhelming victory of November—with which the New York "Reform Club," a very useful institution in its way, had about as much to do as a straw has to do with a whirlwind.

In the second session of the Reed Congress the Democrats in Congress fought for free coinage, because they did not have the tariff reform issue before them.

"At last we are together. We stand upon, upon solid ground. Victory, if not within our arms, is yet within sight.

"It is possible that some day some Democrats anywhere can believe it good, or wise, to abandon this position of advantage, reached after so much travail and outlay, and to advance through a mass of uncertainty upon the rifle-pits and masked batteries of an enemy, who laughs in his sleeve as he waits to welcome us with bloody hands to hospitable graves?"

BLUE GRASS VERSUS MINERAL WEALTH.

Hon. John Young Brown, of Henderson, spoke to a good audience in the Court-house Saturday evening. Mr. Brown said that it was a Democrat from the beginning and unceasingly continuing so to the end. That the principles of the Democratic party are next in importance to those of the Christian religion. That he was a candidate for Governor on the Democratic platform, expected to be elected or defeated on that platform, and was not pandering to the whims of any class or set of men. That all that was good, reasonable and constitutional in the platform of the Farmer's Alliance was borrowed from the platform of the Democratic party, and had been embraced in it since the days of Thomas Jefferson. That the sub-treasury was a snare and a delusion. That he was opposed to class legislation and Government patronage.

Mr. Brown dwelt at great length upon the tariff and by many instances demonstrated the iniquity of tariff taxation. He favored a tariff for revenue only. He favored reasonable pensions for all Federal soldiers who were disabled by reason of their service in the army, but bitterly opposed the wholesale pension robbery that have depleted the National Treasury.

Mr. Brown said that for 30 years Southern Kentucky had not had a Governor, and he thought now a good time to reward the political hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Mr. Brown has represented his district in Congress, is a strong speaker and a good man. He is like Mr. Cleveland—has ideas and is not afraid to express them.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

We last week that the majority in the Fifty-first Congress subverted every right of the minority when that was thought necessary to carry their point and also that their work looked more to the perpetuation of the Republican party in power than to any good of the people at large, but when the people condemned them at the polls last November and relegated them to private life after the fourth of this month they set themselves about during the few remaining months of the session to cripple the Fifty-second Congress in its work, when it shall enter upon its session. In some of their schemes they were foiled, but after that they did their work (well) and the N. Y. Tribune, the mouthpiece of the Republican party chuckles over it in the following style. Read it with the Sun's comments thereon:

REDUCTION OF TARIFF THE GREAT ISSUE.

In his review of the present attitude of the two great parties, Hon. Roger Q. Mills毫不迟疑地 concludes that the reduction of tariff taxation will be the overshadowing issue next year.

The Republic has no doubt of the correctness of this conclusion, although it is hardly less certain that the National Democratic platform will define the party's attitude on free coinage. Whenever the party has had an opportunity from which to select its candidates, but Mr. Cleveland has been found to be true, able, pure and brave, in perfect harmony with the Democracy and the people. The party has fought a thousand fights and won a thousand victories." And further says this Texan Congressman, speaking in express reference to Mr. Cleveland's silver letter: "If Mr. Cleveland had been only a shrewd politician, and not a great, courageous and unselfish statesman and patriot, he would have written less palpably than he did. He uses no language of indirection, no obscure words and phrases in giving his views to the public."

It is possible, even more significant, and from the reputation and position of the writer, more important are the views of Mr. Henry Watterson, as expressed in a triple-leaded editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal of March 9, under the heading of "A Few Words of Warning."

Mr. Watterson writes to remind the Democratic party that after the great victory in November last, amid all the rejoicing occasioned by that event, the one dismaying note, the one discouraging thought, was that the victory might prove too great to last, and that before 1892 the party, by some act of folly, might forfeit all that it had won. Mr. Watterson finds today "two points of disturbance" appearing to mar the counsels of the party. "One of these relates to the renomination of Mr. Cleveland, the other to the adoption of some as yet undefined but altered policy as to the silver coinage." In reference to both, Mr. Watterson naturally counsels caution and deliberation, and above all, submission to the views and wishes of the people. He obviously distrusts both the accuracy of the Congressional diagnosis of popular feeling and the disinterestedness of Congressional opinion and advice. He says: "The people are wiser than the politicians. In one sense, at least, they are disinterested; they nourish no sentiments growing out of individual disappointment or expectations and have no private axes to grind. They are beyond the reach of merely personal influences, and, therefore, better able to take a wholesome and sensible view of a case after it has been fairly presented to them. Hence it is that those of our friends who have been for three months of uncommon heavy work and strain boxed up in the Capitol at Washington will find not a little instruction as well as relief in contact with their constituents."

With the adjournment of the Reed Congress the issue of tariff reform recurs and takes precedence of all others, not because of anything Mr. Cleveland has written, but because of the irresistible logic of Democratic reasoning and impulse. The effect of Mr. Cleveland's letter has been to hold free coinage closer up to tariff reform as a rival issue than it could have been held otherwise—this because all who believe in the justice and expediency of free coinage have been put to their defence and compelled to justify themselves.

Such considerations are temporary, and pass out of mind with the occasion, while the issue of tariff reform has a permanency coincident with that of the great evils against which it is directed.

These have been greatly exaggerated since the campaign of 1888 by a Congress which not only greatly increased taxes, but by way of pretext for it increased the appropriation of two years over a thousand million dollars (\$100,000,000). Having fought a hard and an honest skirmish for free coinage, having nothing to repeat or to take back in what it did for free coinage, the Democratic party at the end of the skirmish calls in the skirmishers, forms line of battle and gives the word of the day in its cowardice by the assaults of the Democratic party on its wrongfully constituted.

In these treacherous words the Kentucky editor lays his finger upon the very

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and takes precedence of all others, not because of anything Mr. Cleveland has written, but because of the irresistible logic of Democratic reasoning and impulse. The effect of Mr. Cleveland's letter has been to hold free coinage closer up to tariff reform as a rival issue than it could have been held otherwise—this because all who believe in the justice and expediency of free coinage have been put to their defence and compelled to justify themselves.

Such considerations are temporary, and pass out of mind with the occasion, while the issue of tariff reform has a permanency coincident with that of the great evils against which it is directed.

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THE CLIMAX.

Wednesday, - - - March 18, 1891.

Mr. G. C. Wallace has bought a lot on Walnut street.

"Governor" Powell is building another house in the Crow addition.

Mr. Will Curtis, formerly of this place, was one of the New Orleans mob.

George T. Little, the barber, is building a house near the Crow addition.

The lake on the Three Forks R. R. in the Herndon lot has grown to wide proportions.

Two houses are building opposite each other on Irvine street, near the Fair Grounds.

Snow a foot deep in the Southern part of the State caused the cold South winds here the past week.

Harvey Cobb has 100 barrels of good corn in the ear that he will put on the cars at Red House for \$300.

Jerry Powell says he has the lot for the Public Building and any person can see it without climbing a tree.

Mrs. Lettie Baxter is building a residence on the vacant lot adjoining her residence on East Main street.

The Register of the Land Office is about to issue a patent to Mr. H. L. Asher for 200 acres of wild land in Clark.

Dr. Heath has built three houses on South Estill Avenue, near the steam laundry, but not in the Heath addition mentioned.

Dr. D. L. Fry, of Stanford, has located at Kirkville for the practice of medicine, and having come well recommended, is getting a good practice.

Mr. T. Park, twenty-four years ago salesman for Mr. E. E. McCann, this place, is now with McCoy & Underwood, live stock commission merchants, Kansas City, Mo.

How some people take papers? We know of a person who has taken the CLIMAX for two years and has just learned the Central University has medical and dental schools and departments of science and literature.

Don't Play Hokey.

President Hagerman of Madison Female Institute is alarmed. He offered medals for punctuality, and Monday's roll-call showed 48 pupils who had not missed a day.

No 216 Main.

Miss Mary Spencer Smith is opening her millinery goods at 216 West Main street, same as occupied by Mr. M. J. Hill, between Farmers National Bank and Shadwell & Gentry's. Call and see her.

treasury Changes Hands.

Mr. A. H. Lator has sold his grocery, corner of Main and B. Streets, to Mr. Lee Coley, and will take a trip West to restore his health.

Mr. Coley was formerly with the Second National Bank and is a live young man.

Crazy.

Rev. H. J. Clark, minister of the Baptist church, residing near Waco, has so far lost his mind that he is kept confined at his home. It is only a question of time when he must go to an asylum. No cause is known for his mental disturbance. He is 55 years old.

Dissolution of Firm.

The coal firm of C. T. Wells & Co. has dissolved. Mrs. F. B. Carr withdrawing. Mr. Wells will continue at the old stand, corner of Main and B. streets. Mr. Carr withdraws on account of increased duties at the railroad office. He thanks the public for a liberal patronage.

War at Waco.

A riot occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Griggs, at Waco, Thursday night. The names are William Hume and John Embry, and they weigh 73 and 81 pounds. Father and mother both doing as well as could be expected. We demand a recount of the Waco census.

Workhouse Rented.

Jailer John F. Wager rented the City Workhouse at public outcry, on last Saturday, for \$1,200. There were a number of bidders. The bidding started at \$100. Mr. Wager is precisely the man to run the institution. The city will give him all the street work, including rock breaking.

The Art Loan Closed.

The exhibition of Miss Wolfe, a guest of Mrs. Cooke, and Miss Katie Vaughn and Miss Nannie Heath were much noticed of the closing evening of the Art Loan. The sweet song by Miss Marilla Smith called for a hearty encore.

The exhibition was a success notwithstanding the miserable weather and the ladies took in the High bridge.

After a Judgement.

A Washington special to the Louisville Times of the 13th says: Hon. John Bennett, of Richmond, Ky., has returned to the city, and it is understood that he is a candidate for United States Circuit Court Judge, under the bill creating nine new Judges. He is said to have the backing of Congressman Wilson, and it is stated also that he is endorsed by about forty members of the Constitutional Convention of Kentucky.

Died of Cold.

A boat was coming down Kentucky River and attempted to land at Irvine, Saturday, but failed. A colored man named Jim Crawford jumped into the water with the cable, but failing to reach the shore, got back upon the boat. In the night, a landing was made near Harris Ferry, this country, but the fellow was nearly dead of cold, and died soon after he was taken to Mr. W. S. Adams'. He was 6 feet 7 inches tall. This reminds us that a man 6 feet 10 inches high was recently drowned near Louisville.

Crawford's remains were conveyed

Col. South in Town.

Col. Barry South, of Frankfort, was here yesterday. He is a son of Col. Jerry South, a native of this country, who was 12 years less than the Kentucky Penitentiary, and who expired suddenly in the cellular chamber eleven years ago. Col. Jerry South's father was General Sam South, one of the boys sent out from Fort Estill to find Capt. Estill and inform him of the presence of the Indians at the Fort, the sculptor of Miss Innis and the capture of Monk. This act of bravery on the part of young South closely preceded and led to the battle of Little Mountain. South subsequently represented Madison county six years in the Legislature and was twice State Treasurer.

The Old Gas Works Closed.

On last Saturday, connection was made at the corner of Main and Second streets between the mains of the new and the old gas-works, whereby the gas from the new works was turned on through the old pipes. Connections between the street lamps and private consumers with the new mains will be made as rapidly as possible so that the old mains will soon be abandoned. The new gas is admirable, and everybody noticed the old was made of oil, the new of coal.

Thus the old gas-works, after an existence of eighteen years, have permanently closed. The new ones are ten times larger than the old ones.

Castles in the Air.

On Sunday evening, just before dawn, while walking along Second street, between Broadway and Walnut, the writer saw in the direction of Fifth street, several buildings apparently much higher than any in town. In a moment, they disappeared but shortly were visible again. Several changes occurred with varying distinctness, when a volume of smoke was observed crossing the line of vision. The supposed buildings were simply the shadows cast upon the smoke in mid air, the sun being directly beyond the smoke from the observer, but out of sight over the hill. Knowing that, we at first tried to account for the phenomenon as the result of refraction or reflection. Has anybody ever witnessed a like scene?

A High Stepper.

Mr. John Gabbard is the only man, so far as we have heard, who has had the requisite amount of nerve to walk the great bridge over Marble Creek canyon. It is 185 feet high, and the young man, like the King of France, who with forty thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again, walked across the bridge and then walked back again. The Eiffel Tower should remain steadfastly away from this country, if it doesn't want to be climbed, and the proposed Chicago tower for the World's Fair in '93 must grow mighty tall to keep up with it.

Well, that do it's best, both to Madison and the Convention! The old Crown-bear pardon, the Eagle, of Irvine, says [Note the word other]: "We have talked with many citizens of this county and of Madison—as well as representative men from several other mountain counties—and have yet to find a man who will vote for the adoption of the new constitution as adopted by the convention to date."

Later—Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. William H. Smith, Jr., has walked the Tyrone bridge, which is 23 feet high. Mr. Gabbard, and then walked back again. The Eiffel Tower should remain steadfastly away from this country, if it doesn't want to be climbed, and the proposed Chicago tower for the World's Fair in '93 must grow mighty tall to keep up with it.

Bruce Champ has grown decidedly religious, since he failed to steal Kilmond's public building, and writes religious editorials all the time. His last effort was thus: "Bear your own burdens. This thing of unloading them on the Lord won't do." Bruce, you'll find the world saw him as a man of great virtue, but as the mob jeered, these authors might well have felt a brotherly sympathy for him as a man of letters, whose books and tracts, glowing with a purpose, were found in countries on both sides of the sea, and whose translations of German hymns were added to wealth of the best collections. The class of rich men workers saw in him a laborer who at eighty-two had "studying hours" from five in the morning to eight at night, and then stopped only for fear of "hurting his eyes." Physicians left their work to listen to him, and he had for them a story to tell of no more pain and infirmity at eighty than at twenty-five, for the reasons, as he gives them, that he is "still travelling four or five thousand miles a year," and constantly preaching "particularly in the morning" (at five o'clock). In the midst of tumult, the people say his face calm. He was not as bold as a soldier, but through a long succession of his trials he was more than a soldier's courage and steadfastness. And so the wonder grows, as even the most unsympathetic eye looks over the life that nearly spanned a century, and the inscription on his tomb bears well the scrutiny he would have invoked for his epitaph: "This great light arose (by the singular providence of God) to enlighten these nations."

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The track-laying on the line of the L. & N. railroad between Middletown and Big Stone Gap is progressing finely. The road has been finished 3,000 yards beyond the bridge over Powell's river, and it is now thought that the road will be finished to Big Stone in about thirty days.—*Trade Journal*.

A lot 39x90 feet corner 4th and Home, Cincinnati, was bought by the Methodist book concern Tuesday for \$90,000. The lot was originally 100x200 and sold in 1779 for \$4. In 1801 it brought \$80, in 1804, \$300, and in 1852 \$1,000. The engine cost is between \$10,000 and \$11,000. The price paid is regarded as very low. Mr. Nelson will move to the farm and conduct a stock farm.—*Times*.

LATER—Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. William H. Smith, Jr., has walked the Tyrone bridge, which is 23 feet high. Mr. Gabbard, and then walked back again. The Eiffel Tower should remain steadfastly away from this country, if it doesn't want to be climbed, and the proposed Chicago tower for the World's Fair in '93 must grow mighty tall to keep up with it.

The subjoined from the Maysville Commonwealth indicates in no uncertain way that the shooting-stick of the Thin Column is not the only mortal who wishes that all the base-ball fields had been at Johnstown: "What are the silver questions, the tariff question, the great racing flocks, the regular weekly rail-road wrecks on the Cincinnati Southern, the Irish question, the enforcement of the closure rule by a married man when he reaches home during the small hours in a dilapidated condition, or what not, to be public, as long as this cruel base-ball war continues to make life a curse to every reader of the newspapers? O, that Browning would sign!—whatever that may mean; then all of us might go to sleep and get some rest."

RELIGIOUS.

The Baptists of Newport will begin the erection of a new church about May 1st. Protracted meeting in progress at the High Street Methodist church, Lexington.

The grand jury was organized with James Bennett as foreman, as follows:

James Bennett, J. P. Tribble, S. W. DeJarnett, W. H. Cunningham, Anderson, Cheever, W. H. West, S. L. Hugley, T. S. Moseley, J. W. McElroy, O. Brooks, S. P. Ross, S. R. Kanizer, W. C. French, S. P. Royce, R. Johnson, E. Gentry, Dan Harber, W. M. McCord, D. B. Walker, G. W. T. Deas, H. C. Chambers, B. F. Hough, R. L. Long, John Whittle, David Black, Martin Gentry, W. L. Arnold, Isaac Diggerston, David Cheneau, Jr.

Can't Do It.

The CLIMAX is in receipt of a communication, dated at Waco, which reads as follows:

Please announce in your next issue the marriage of Prof. Joe [redacted], of Spalding, to one of the most popular belles of Waco, Tuesday, March 17th at 7 o'clock p. m.; or, as the Professor says, "early candle light."

Relatively.

A "SUBSCRIBER."

The first question that presents itself to us is "who the thunder is 'A subscriber'?" The CLIMAX has nearly or quite fifty subscribers at Waco, and a goodly number at College Hill and Speedwell, on each side, and it is easier for us to guess who it was that struck Billy Patterson, or where Moses was when the light went out, than to guess which of the CLIMAX subscribers it was that wrote the above paragraph. We did not think any of them had little enough sense to send an anonymous communication to a newspaper. Anonymous means without a name—there was no name accompanying the letter.

Read Our Outside.

Yes, read the first and fourth pages of the CLIMAX. On the first page you will see a column account of the mobbing of the Italians at New Orleans, a column of unusually interesting State news, an account of the burning of an insane asylum, particulars of a wreck, and a large amount of other good reading of a new-yer nature. The subscriber to the CLIMAX who never reads the first and fourth pages called the "outside," misses a vast amount of valuable news. Have you noticed of late the important census reports—area of the State by counties, population by counties, &c?

The next question in the case is, why

was the letter sent without a name? Has not every reader of the CLIMAX noticed time and again our announcement that anonymous letters are not wanted and will not be published? We have omitted in the above letter the name of the person to be married, and printed the remainder to show how silly some people can be. Why did not the writer give the name of the lady? Why not the place? And then, having given the particulars, give also the name of the writer? Suppose we should publish the communication in full, giving the name of the Professor, and then the Professor, if there be any such fellow, should come howling into our office, saying he had not married, and like fellows usually do, who see something they do not like about them in a paper, "I'd like to know your authority for the statement," what could we say? By the way, we have decided to hit the next man square in the forehead with a brick bat, who comes up into our office with the remark "I'd like to know your authority for such and such," for if the authority had any thing to do with it. The columns are open to any contradiction you may want to make. There's the Court-house if you are damaged. Here we are, you may want to hear that "vagabond" was astonished to find that he had the best education England could give. It might well be that Wesley had read his Odyssey on his way to that very town, or beguiled the journey with some other classic. If they inquired further about that "unconventional preacher," the great Dr. Johnson could tell them that Wesley was such an engaging man that he (Dr. Johnson) "could talk all day and all night with him." Wesley never demanded recognition as a philanthropist, but he gave \$15,000 in charities; he elaborated plans for the relief of the poor; he had a dispensary at his chapel for the sick and needy; he gave sensible medical advice; and with prescience in keeping with his foresight in other matters, he suggested remedies now approved, as of electricity for a case where to-day it might properly be prescribed. The world saw Wesley working among the ignorant, itinerant and illiterate met on equal terms—and witnesses on every hand could testify that his reading was so extensive as to make his criticisms of books as valuable as they were appreciable and pungent, and that his love for pictures revealed an artist's taste. Mobs were his only return in many a painful public appearance, and yet to this man many of the stately homes of England had thrown wide open their welcoming doors. Writers of books were in the multitude that heard him, and as the mob jeered, these authors might well have felt a brotherly sympathy for him as a man of letters, whose books and tracts, glowing with a purpose, were found in countries on both sides of the sea, and whose translations of German hymns were added to wealth of the best collections. The class of rich men workers saw in him a laborer who at eighty-two had "studying hours" from five in the morning to eight at night, and then stopped only for fear of "hurting his eyes." Physicians left their work to listen to him, and he had for them a story to tell of no more pain and infirmity at eighty than at twenty-five, for the reasons, as he gives them, that he is "still travelling four or five thousand miles a year," and constantly preaching "particularly in the morning" (at five o'clock). In the midst of tumult, the people say his face calm. He was not as bold as a soldier, but through a long succession of his trials he was more than a soldier's courage and steadfastness. And so the wonder grows, as even the most unsympathetic eye looks over the life that nearly spanned a century, and the inscription on his tomb bears well the scrutiny he would have invoked for his epitaph: "This great light arose (by the singular providence of God) to enlighten these nations."

CONCERNING FARMERS.

Wheat looks well.

Plant your potatoes, onions and radishes at once.

Mr. Arnold has bought of R. C. Boggs a jack colt for \$500, and of Squire Hugely a jack for \$600.

Three mules and a quantity of prover-

able, harness, wagons, &c., were burned in the stable of John B. Thompson at Harrodsburg.

Hon. W. B. Smith, of Richmond, Ky., transferred on yesterday to McAlisters Bros., of Woodford, county, Ky., his farm of 160 acres at \$12,25—*Versailles Sun*.

For Sale—Thirty-five yearling mules, extra fat and smooth, also some work

mules, and cheap work mares.

G. J. WHITE & SO.

The Frederickburg (Va.) Free Lance says that one pickling establishment in that city paid to the truckers of Stafford County last year the sum of \$5,125.27 for pickling vegetables.

It is said the Assessor's books show that there are 60,000 breeding ewes in Kentucky this year than last. If 60,000 more lambs are put on the Cincinnati market this year than last year it may be a glut in the market.

Mr. C. C. Boggs has sold to Mr. J. W. Brockman, of Centralia, Mo., a young Bourbon Chief jack for \$1,000. He is an excellent animal in every way, and the Centralians should be proud of him. Mr. Boggs is getting to be a boney jack man.

The wet weather has interfered not only with plowing in this section, but has retarded the preparations and burning of tobacco beds. We learn that the low prices now prevailing may decrease the acreage for tobacco in this locality—*Lexington Record*.

Farmers complain of severe losses

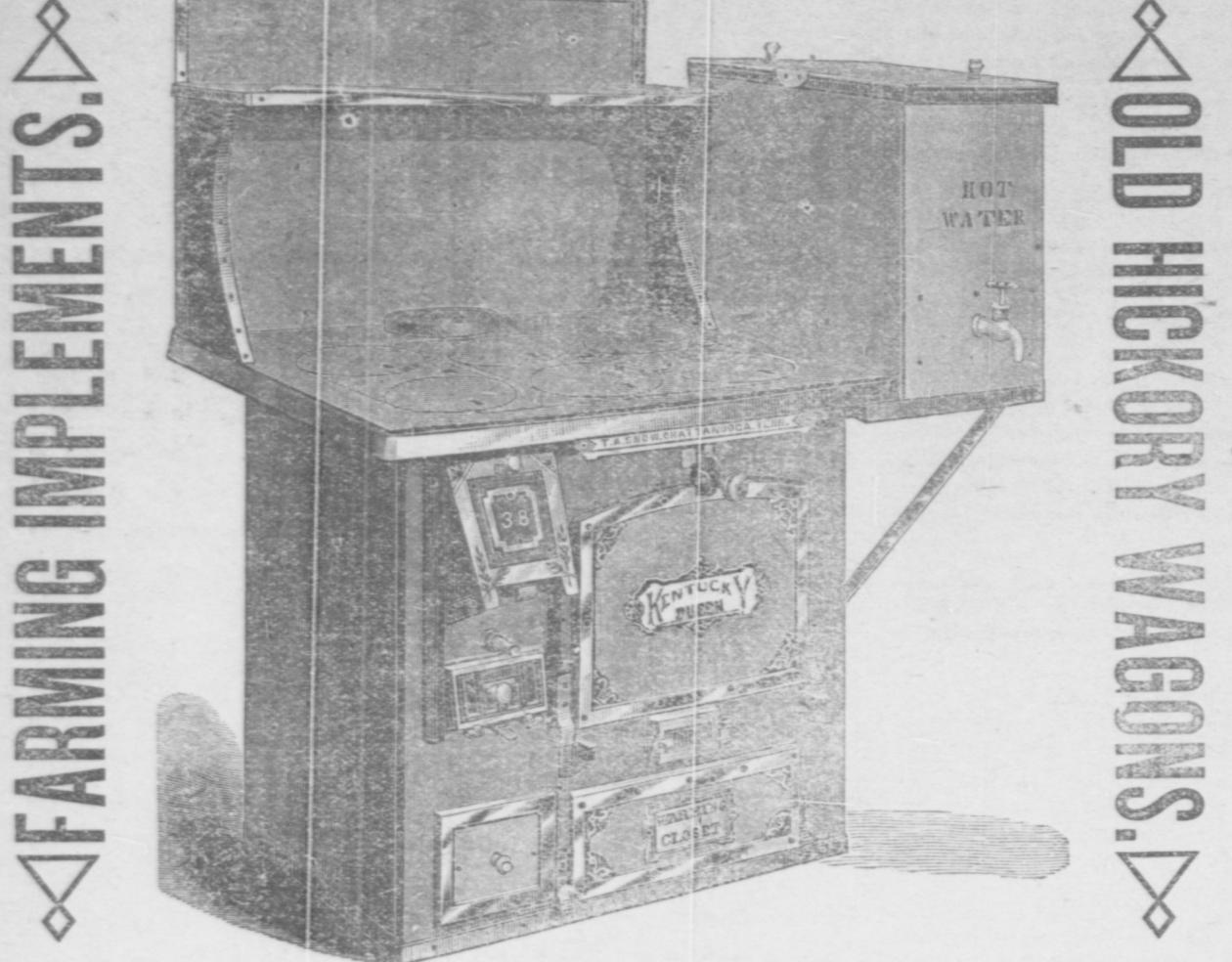
among their brood mares, losses which cannot account for it, unless it be from engorged in their bay and other feed. Some have lost as high as fourteen, while others have lost from three to six. The loss will aggregate over \$10,000 in the county.—*Carlisle Star*.

Mr. S. M. Stuart died near Wade's Mill, in Clark county, Kentucky, on Monday, January 11th, 1891, aged 69 years. She was the widow of Capt. John G. Stuart, who commanded two of the eleven companies that went from Clark county into the war of 1812. He was a brother of James Stuart, who was at Tippecanoe, and he was a member of the famous "Tippecanoe" army.

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OLIVER PLOWS!



FOR SALE BY
SHACKELFORD & GENTRY,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
Hardware, Tinware, Woodenware, House Furnishing Goods.
BLACKSMITHS' AND WAGON MAKERS' TOOLS AND MATERIAL.

Roofing and Guttering.

RICHMOND, KY. March 19, 1890.

Workers in Sheet Metal of All Kinds.

THE NEW BOY IN SCHOOL.

It was a boy should chance into a strange garret, They sit it forward and quite out of place; So that the school off makes his debut, With sensations the same as in Grimalkin's case.

Around him, he sees an expanse of strange rooms,

String him up with an eye-searching gulf;

And knows that he's being slowly dissected.

All the way from his feet clear up to his

phiz.

Just three seats away there sits the school bully,

With a broad bullet-head and a jaunty snub nose;

His mocking grins say: "I'll see you at re-

venue."

Which means a forced fight and a volley of blows.

The heavy darts back a look of defiance.

To the round headed bully's instant heir;

For the debutant knows it won't do for a me-

reant.

To let the chap think he's separated with

tear.

In the school he comes from, perhaps he was

leader.

In studies, or, in "tricks that are re-

val."

But here he feels humbled and quite "small

and slight to be back to his old school again.

He knows that for him the practical Jokers

will ringer their brains with schemes to

And for days to come the chances are certain

That mistakes and trials will beset the new boy.

Don't pity him, reader! A year hence, I'll

"John, follow, well met!" The new boy will be,

And that's the end of the school bully.

In all worldly matters will sweetly agree.

While in less than that time, the teacher

Though this is by no means always the

rule.

With a smile and just the faintest of smiles:

That new boy is now the "Old Boy" in

school!

—P. C. Fossett, in Golden Days.

TAUGHT BY A YANKEE.

A New York Man's Experience as a Horse Trainer.

NEW YORKER who spent a portion of the summer in Vermont says that he learned something up there which he considers worth a great deal of moneys. He certainly tells an entertaining story about the master.

"It was up Hyde Park," he says, "that we put in our vacation, and we were holding a horse in a great horse up the hill. From our windows we could see no end of beautiful country, and of course we wanted to ride over it all. We hired our horses from the village livery stable, and the horses were in excellent condition and sometimes we rode them."

"One day we were given the worst horse that I ever drove. He was all right as far as looks were concerned, but he wouldn't go worth a cent. I chirruped at him to gallop, but he kept on unafraid by a steady four-mile gait, refusing to stop to scold the old fellow, but he was braver than Ethan Allen, and wouldn't quiver nor twist an ear, nor make any other movement, indicative of alarm or fear. I tried to pull him round and gun right over his back. 'I understand now,' I said to my wife, 'why this horse is called Molasses.'

"Well, we jogged along until we came to a fork in the road, and I knew I had to make a choice. 'Let the horse take his own course,' said my wife. 'I've often heard that horses know where to take people when the people themselves are entirely lost.' I acted on my wife's words at once, and took the road to the right, which was the novelists' way, with the lines down over the dashboard, and said: 'Get up, Molasses! The first thing I knew the horse was dragging us home at his regulation four-miles-an-hour gait. 'It took all my strength to stop him and turn him about.'

"Of course we went back to the fork of the road and began to wait again. 'You're all right in your place,' I said to my wife, 'but you needn't attempt to ride him again.'

"I reckoned that we waited a quarter of an hour before anybody came along, and then the one who came came with a rush, a great rattling of wheels heralding his coming. I stopped the man when he came alongside, and asked him which road to take to get to the

improved farm gate.

One for Which Its Originator Claims Wonderful Things.

Here is a sketch of a farm gate which I have used for several years and have found it to be a great convenience to my farm, although I have been in this place where snow is a trouble. The chief virtue lies in the fact that it can be raised to any height, and will maintain this altitude and swing as well as will any gate. There is no special plan for the gate. It only differs from other gates in being hung in a distinct fashion. A back piece is

made of scantling three inches square. This is as high as the high post of the gate. The top hinge must be put as high as the gate will allow, as shown. The bottom hinge must be placed as high as it will be necessary to raise the gate.

The hinge is let into the back side of the back piece and one bolt passes through the hinge flush with the front side of this same piece. As will be seen in cut No. 2, the parts of the iron which

are held together by a bolt in front of the back piece (just mentioned) hold over, so that the iron can pass as the gate is lifted up or let down. The high post and back piece next to the post set in the ground are so near together as to almost rub. To keep the gate in place on raising it up, a small pin is put through the gate, so that it cannot slip. This pin should be put through the corner of the gate to prevent its being lifted entirely out of the hinges in a hurry sometimes.—John P. Tripp, in Party and Home.

—"Don't you want to trade for a good horse?" asked the holder, following me for a step or two, "do you think I would pull the tail off a horse? Not much I wouldn't. That horse hasn't had no tail for ten years. That thing I pulled off hasn't nothing but a bunch of hair strung on for looks sake, and it won't grow back."

"Take me away!" my wife exclaimed as soon as she had recovered consciousness, and I started away with her.

"I'll attend to your case later," I hissed at the holder as I left the stable.

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